

50 Per Cent of the Cotton Brought to the Sumter Market is Bought By the

Levi Bros.

WHY?

Because we are in touch with those who make advance contracts, and who are able to put us in position to pay more for cotton than any other buyers in our city.

But our cotton business is only an addition to our GENERAL MERCANTILE Business. We have by our diligence made ourselves leaders in trade, not by waiting for trade to come to us, but by our reaching out and coming in touch with the farmers of the country, and selling them Goods as cheap as the lowest, and giving to them for their products as much or more than the highest.

These are facts that have been demonstrated by our continued increase of business.

We want our friends to come to Sumter and look through our immense stock of

Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Fancy Goods and Notions, Clothing, Shoes, Hats and the best line of Plantation and Family Groceries in the City.

To meet the demands of our trade everything is bought by us from first hands, and our patrons get the profit which other dealers must pay middlemen. We can and will save you money, both in what you buy of us, and what we buy of you. Come to see us.

LEVI BROS.

Next To Court House.

SCROFULA A DISEASE WE INHERIT.

Scrofula manifests itself in many ways. Swelling of the glands of the neck and throat, Catarrh, weak eyes, white swelling, offensive sores and abscesses, skin eruptions, loss of strength and weakness in muscles and joints. It is a miserable disease and traceable in almost every instance to some family blood taint.

Scrofula is bred in the bone, is transmitted from parent to child, the seeds are planted in infancy and unless the blood is purged and purified and every atom of the taint removed Scrofula is sure to develop at some period in your life.

No remedy equals S. S. S. as a cure for Scrofula. It cleanses and builds up the blood, makes it rich and pure, and under the tonic effects of this great Blood Remedy, the general health improves, the digestive organs are strengthened, and there is a gradual but sure return to health. The deposit of tubercular matter in the joints and glands is carried off as soon as the blood is restored to a normal condition, and the sores, eruptions, and other symptoms of Scrofula disappear.

S. S. S. is guaranteed purely vegetable and harmless; an ideal blood purifier and tonic that removes all blood taint and builds up weak constitutions. Our physicians will advise without charge, all who write us about their case. Book mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Improve Your Homes.

I am making a specialty this season of putting within reach the material to make the HOMES ATTRACTIVE, and thereby increase the value of property.

The New Era Ready Mixed Paint

weighs 18 pounds to the gallon and is noted for its durability and for the vast amount of space it will cover.

THE HAMMAR BRAND

is another fine Paint, 1 gallon of Oil added, makes 2 gallons of very heavy Paint. I want my customers to use these Paints and I am in position to give them good prices.

Get my prices on Floor and Lubricating OILS, VARNISHES, etc.

ELWOOD WIRE FENCING

For pastures and yards the best on the market, I buy by car load and will sell at reasonable prices.

Always on hand the best Rubber and Canvas Belting and Machinery Supplies.

My store is headquarters for STOVES, HARDWARE, CUTLERY, HARNESSES and SADDLERY, CARRIAGE and WAGON MATERIAL, and SPORTSMEN SUPPLIES.

When you want anything in my line come to see or write to.

L. B. DURANT,

Sumter, S. C.

CAPERS & CO.

Easily lead—let those follow who can, in

Fresh Drugs, Chemicals, Toilet Articles.

A beautiful line of Novelties never before on this market now open for your inspection.

Call and see; no trouble to show goods.

SUMMERTON, S. C.

LAZARRE

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

(Based Upon the Mystery Surrounding the Fate of the Dauphin, Son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette)

Copyright, 1901, by the BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY

CHAPTER XIII.

"GOOD NIGHT, monsieur the cure," said the turnkey, letting us through the outer door.

"Good night, good night," the priest responded.

"And to you, sacristan."

"Good night," I muttered, and he came a step after me. The candle was yet in his hand, showing him my bulk and perhaps the small clothes he had longed to vend. I expected hue and cry, but walked on after the priest and heard the heavy doors jar, and breathed again.

Heardening behind and in front, on the right and the left, I followed him in the direction of what I have since learned to call the Jardin des Plantes. It is near Ste. Pelagie.

The priest, wearied by his long office, spoke only once about the darkness, for it was a cloudy night, and did not attend to my muttered response. I do not know what sympathy the excellent old man might have shown to an escaped prisoner who had choked his sacristan, and I had no mind to test it. He turned a corner, and with the wall angle between us I eased down the sacred furniture, drew off the surplice and laid that upon it and took to my heels up the left hand street, for the guard had brought me across the river to Ste. Pelagie.

I had no hat, and the cut of my coat showed that I had lost a waistcoat. Avoiding the little circles of yellowness made by lamp posts, I reached without mishap of falling into the hands of any patrol a bridge crossing to an island point, and from the other side of the point to the opposite shore. At intervals along the parapet dim lights were placed.

Compared to Lake George, which would look like a river, and the mighty St. Lawrence as I remembered it, the Seine was a narrow stream. Some boats made constellations on the surface. The mass of island splitting it into two branches was almost the heart of Paris. There were other foot passengers on the bridge, and a gay carriage rolled by. I did not see any gendarmes, and only one foot passenger troubled me.

I was on the bridge above the left arm of the river when an ear trained in the woods caught his footstep, pausing as mine paused and hurrying as mine hurried. If the sacristan had been found in Ste. Pelagie a pursuer would not track me so delicately, and neither would Skenedonk hold back on the trail. I stopped in the shadow when we two were alone on the second span and wheeled, certain of catching my man under the flare of a crescent. I caught him and knew that it was Bellerger following me.

My mind was made up in an instant. I walked back to settle matters with him, though slaughter was far from my thoughts. I had done him no harm, but he was my enemy and should be forced to let me alone.

The fellow who had appeared so feeble at his cabin that I opened the door for him, and so poor spitted that his intellect claimed pity, stood up as firm as a bear at my approach and met my eyes with perfect understanding.

Not another thing do I remember. The facts are simply these: I faced Bellerger; no blows passed; my mind flashed blank with the partial return of that old eclipse which has fallen upon me after strong excitement in more than one critical moment. The hiatus seems brief when I awake, though it may have lasted hours. I know the eclipse has been upon me like the wing shadow of eternity, but I have scarcely let go of time.

I could not prove that Bellerger dragged me to the parapet and threw me into the river. If I had known it I should have laughed at his doing so, for I could swim like a fish through or under water and sit on the lake bottom holding my breath until Skenedonk had been next to me to dive for me.

When next I sensed anything at all it was a feeling of cold.

I thought I was lying in one of the shallow runlets that come into Lake George, and the pebbles were an uneasy bed, chilling my shoulders. I was too stiff to move or even turn my head to lift out of water the ear on which it rested, but I could unclose my eyelids, and this is what I saw: A man naked to his waist half reclining against a leaning slab of marble down which a layer of water constantly moved. His legs were clothed, and his other garments lay across them. His face had sagged in my direction. There was a deep slash across his forehead, and he showed his teeth and his glassy eyes at the joke.

Beyond this silent figure was a woman as silent. The ridge of his body could not hide the long hair spread upon her breast. I considered the company and the moisture into which I had fallen with unspeakable amazement. We were in a low and wide stone chamber with a groined ceiling supported by stone pillars. A row of lamps was arranged above us so that no trait or feature might escape a beholder.

That we were put there for show entered my mind slowly and brought indignation. To be so helpless and so exposed was an outrage against which I struggled in nightmare impotence, for I was bare to my hips also, and I knew not what other marks I carried besides those which had scarred me all my conscious life.

Now in the distance, and echoing, feet descended stairs.

I knew that people were coming to look at us, and I could not move a muscle in resentment.

I heard their voices, fringed with echoes, giving way either speaker came within my vision.

"This is the mortuary chapel of the Hotel Dieu?"

"Yes, monsieur the marquiss, this is the mortuary chapel."

"Um! Cheerful place."

"Much more cheerful than the bottom of the river, monsieur the marquiss."

"No doubt. Never empty, eh?"

"I have been a servant of the Hotel Dieu fourteen years, monsieur the marquiss, and have not yet seen all the marble slabs vacant."

"You receive the bodies of the drowned?"

"And place them where they may be seen and claimed."

"How long do you keep them?"

"That depends. Sometimes their friends seek them at once. We have

kept a body three months in the winter season, though he turned very green."

"Are all in your present collection gathering verdure?"

"No, monsieur. We have a very fresh one, just brought in—a big, stalwart fellow with the look of the country about him."

"Small clothes?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Buckle shoes?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Hair light and long?"

"The very man, monsieur the marquiss."

"I suppose I shall have to look at him. If he had to make himself unpleasant, he should have stayed at the chateau, where his mother could identify him. He is one of my peasants come to Paris to see life. I must hold my nose and do it."

"It is not necessary to hold the nose, monsieur."

"After fourteen years perhaps not."

I heard the snap of a snuffbox lid as the marquiss fortified himself.

My agony for the woman who was to be looked at turned so sharp that I uttered a click in my throat. But they passed her and merely glanced at my next neighbor.

The old marquiss encountered my fixed stare. Visibly it shocked through him. He was all gray and curled and powdered instead of being clipped close and smooth in the style of the empire, an exquisite, Lin featured man, high of nose and eyebrows, not large, but completely turned out as ample man and of bright spirit. The slightest fragrance of scent was in his presence, and a shade of snuff on his upper lip resembled fine supercilious hairs.

I did not look at the servant of the Hotel Dieu. The old noble and I held each other with unflinching gaze.

"Do you recognize him, monsieur?"

"I do," the old noble deliberately answered. "I should know this face anywhere. Have him taken to my carriage directly."

"Your carriage, monsieur! He can be sent."

"I said take him to my carriage."

"It shall be done. His eyes have opened since he came in. But they sometimes look as if they would speak. Their faces change constantly. This other man who is grinning tonight may be quite serious tomorrow."

"And by the end of the month sorry enough, eh?"

The servant of the Hotel Dieu tilted amiably, and I knew he was going for help to lift me off the slab when he uttered a cry of surprise. The old marquiss wheeled sharply and said:

"Eh, bien! Is this another of them promenading himself?"

I felt the Oneda coming before his silent moccasins strode near me. He did not wait an instant, but dragged me from the wet and death cold marble to the stone floor, where he knelt upon one knee and supported me. Oh, Skenedonk, how delicious was the warmth of your healthy body! How comforting the grip of your hunter arms! Yet there are people who say an Indian is like a snake! I could have given thanks before the altar at the side of the crypt which my fixed eyes encountered as he held me. The marble dripped into its gutter as if complaining of my escape.

"Oh, my dear friend!" cried the servant.

Skenedonk answered nothing at all.

"Who is this gentleman," the marquiss inquired, "that seems to have the skin of a red German sausage drawn tight over his head?"

"This is an American Indian, monsieur the marquiss."

"An Indian?"

"Yes, monsieur. But he understands French."

"Thank you for the hint. It may save me from having a German sausage drawn tight over my head. I have heard that American Indians practice giving their friends that appearance. How do you know he understands French?"

"I think it is the man who used to come to the Hotel Dieu years ago when I was new in his service. He was instructed in religion by clergymen in Paris and learned to speak French."

"I think that he is called—I am aware the Americans have different manners, but here we do not go into the mortuary chapel of the Hotel Dieu and disparage the bodies without permission?"

Skenedonk's eyes probably had less of the fawn in them than usual. I felt the guttural sound under his breast.

"I have found him, and now I will take him."

"But that is the marquiss' servant!"

"The marquiss is his servant!"

"Oh, my dear monsieur the Indian! You speak of a noble of France, the Marquiss du Plessy? Be satisfied."

"I think the servant of the Hotel Dieu, with this other body, whom no one is likely to claim! I may be permitted to offer you that, if you are determined, though it may cost me my place, and after fourteen years' service! If you would appease him, monsieur the marquiss, though I do not know whether they ever take money."

"I will appease him," said the old noble. "Go about your errand, and be quick."

The servant fled up the stairs.

"This man is not dead, my friend," said the Marquiss du Plessy.

Skenedonk knew it.

"But he will not live long in this cursed crypt," the noble added. "You will get into my carriage with him, we will take him and put him in hot sheets and see what we can do for him."

I could feel Skenedonk's antagonism giving way in the relaxing of his muscles.

But, maintaining his position, the Oneda asserted:

"He is not yours!"

"He belongs to France."

"France belongs to him!" the Indian reversed.

"Eh, eh! Who is this young man?"

"The king."

"We have no king now, my friend; but, assuming there is a man who should be king, how do you know this is the one?"

If Skenedonk made answer in words it was lost to me. The spirit sank to submergence in the body. I remember combatting motion like a drugged person.

Torpor and prostration followed the recurring eclipse as that followed excitement and shock. I was not ill, and

gathered knowledge of the environment, which was different from anything I had before experienced. De Chaumont's manor was a wilderness fortress compared to this private hotel of an ancient family in the heart of Paris.

I lay in a bed curtained with damask and looked through open glass doors at a garden. Graveled walks, bosky trees and masses of flowers, plots of grass where anchored seats were placed, stretched their vista to a



Shown me an array which took my breath.

wall clothed in irry, which proved to be the end of a chapel, for high over the curtain of thick green shone a rose window. The afternoon sun laid bare its fine staining, but only in the darkness when the church was illuminated and organ music rolled from it did the soul of that window appear struck through with light.

Strange servants and Dr. Chantry by glimpses, and the old noble and the media almost constantly, were about me. Dr. Chantry looked complacently through the curtains and wished me good morning. I smiled to see that he was lodged as he desired and that his clothes had been renewed in fine cloth, with lawn to his neck and silk stockings for his shrunken calves. My master was an elderly beau, and I gave myself no care that he had spent his money—the money of the expedition—on foppery.

Skenedonk also had new toggery in scarfs and trinkets which I did not recognize, and his fine buckskin were cleaned. The lancers appeared, subservient to him, and his native dignity was never more impressive than in that great house. I watched my host and my servant holding interviews, which Skenedonk may have considered counsils, on the benches in the garden, and from which my secretary, the sick old woman, seemed excluded. But the small interest of seeing birds arrive on branches and depart again sufficed me until an hour when life rose strongly.

I sat up in bed and, finding myself alone, took advantage of an adjoining room where a marble bath was set in the floor. Returning freshened from the plunge with my sheet drawn around me, I found one of those skilled and gentle valets who seem less men than he maids.

"I am to dress monsieur when monsieur is ready," said this person.

"I am ready now," I answered, and he led me into a suit of rooms and showed me an array which took my breath—dove colored satin knee breeches and a long embroidered coat of like color, a vest sprinkled with rosebuds, cravat and lace ruffles, long silk stockings and shoes to match in extravagant gaud, a shirt of fine lawn and a hat for a nobleman.

"Tell your master," I said to the lackey, "that he intends me great kindness, but I prefer my own clothes."

"These are monsieur's own clothes, made to his order and measure."

"But I gave no order, and I was not measured."

The man raised his shoulders and elbows with gentlest dissent.

"These are only a few articles of monsieur's outfit. Here is the key. If monsieur selects another costume he will find each one complete."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIFE IN ENGLISH VILLAGES.

It is Not the Idyllic Form That Poets Sing About.

"I know a village where there are no fewer than thirty cottages with but one bedroom apiece, and in each of these single bedrooms six, seven and more people are sleeping," says A. Montmore-Bruce, writing in the London Mail about life in the average English village.

"In one of them, father, mother and eight children huddled together. In another, father, mother and six children—three of whom are grown up—are sleeping. In these cottages there is one living room downstairs and no sanitary arrangement of any kind. At the back of the cottages runs an open ditch. It is also an open sewer."

"Here, in the very heart of the country, I expect to find abundance of pure water, abundance of sweet air. Too often I find neither about the cottages. Hundreds of villages have no water supply, though a comparatively small expenditure could provide it. I know villages—it is typical of hundreds—where the cottagers have to go half a mile to get water. A foul ditch furnishes another village with the whole of its water supply. Offensive refuse heaps lie piled round the crumbling walls of the cottages. The wooden floors within are rotten with sewage."

"Norfolk, Suffolk and Essex contain many such villages, and other counties—such as Bedford, Cambridgeshire, Wiltshire, Dorset, Somerset—easily will with them. I could write of lonely cottages far across the fields, with no water within a mile, whence the children morning after morning walk two miles to school, and drag their tired limbs that distance back again at night."

"And this whatever the weather; where the postal service comes but once a week; where the men and boys walk daily five or six miles to and from work; where of drainage there is none; where of the simplest sanitation there is none; where the medical officer of health comes not, and where the inspector of nuisances is unknown."

The Breaking End.

Cumdon—Did your friend Tanker succeed in breaking his terrible drink habit?

Bangs—No; the habit succeeded in breaking him.—Baltimore American.

He Was Strong.

Employer—Yes, I advertised for a strong boy. Think you will fill the bill?

Applicant—Well, I just finished kicking nineteen other applicants out in the hall.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The only way to get a degree from the colleges without earning it is to become a great man without their help.—Baltimore American.

Run a Ter Penny Nail Through His Hand.

While opening a box, J. C. Mount, of Three Mile Bay, N. Y., ran a ten penny nail through the fleshy part of his hand. "I thought at once of all the pain and soreness this would cause me," he says, "and immediately applied Chamberlain's Pain Balm and occasionally afterwards. To my surprise it removed all pain and soreness and the injured parts were soon healed." For sale by The R. B. Loryea Drug Store, Isaac M. Loryea, Prop.

EMERSON'S PROSE STYLE.

Held to Be Lacking in the Quality of Writers Called Masters.

What shall be said of Emerson's prose? Was Matthew Arnold right when, as an experienced critic calmly judging the favorite author of his youth, he denied that the "Essays," the lectures and "English Traits" formed a body of prose of sufficient merit to entitle Emerson to be ranked as a great man of letters? It seems as if the time had come for Emerson's countrymen frankly to accept this verdict. Because of deficiencies, both of style and of romance, Emerson does not belong to the small class of the great masters of prose. His style, despite the fact that "Nature" and many of the essays contain pages of eloquent prose almost equal in power and beauty to noble poetry, was nearly always that of the lecturer or preacher rather than that of the writer. He too frequently lost the note of distinction and was content if he satisfied his far from exigent audiences. In diction, to be sure, he was a conscious and consummate master, and it need scarcely be said that few writers have surpassed him in the ability to compose a pregnant sentence. But, as is generally admitted and as is shown by his practice of piling his notes together, he was rarely able to evolve a paragraph, much more a whole essay, in a masterly even in a workmanlike fashion. It may be granted that critics have overemphasized his lack of coherence, that there is more logical unity in his essays than appears on first reading, that "English Traits" and the later volumes are far from being mere strings of "orphan sayings," but the fact seems to remain that the prose style of Emerson from first to last lacks the firmness, the compass, the precision, the flexibility, the individuality we demand of the prose writers whom we denominate masters.—Professor Trent in Bookman.

MIGHTY TREES OF SIERRA.

Greatest in Size of All Creations of the Living World.

During all the ages nature has favored the growth of forests on the Pacific mountains, providing the peculiar conditions which make them far different from, greater in size, more luxuriant, than any other in the world. Of all the creations of the living world none is so great in size, so majestic in presence, as the mighty trees of the Sierra and the Cascades. For here the air is always fertile with moisture, clouds blown in from the Pacific ocean, rest among the mountain summits, even crowning the tops of the trees themselves, and here discharge their rain. The soil is deep and spongy with centuries of decomposing vegetable matter, furnishing an unequalled nurturing place for vegetation, and there are no extremes of heat in summer or depths of cold in winter, says the Century Magazine.

Every condition has been favorable to unexampled exuberance of growth not only of the largest trees, but of all manner of undergrowth, vine, shrub and brake. A huge tree falls, decays and is yellowed with thick moss. Immediately scores of young fir and cedars spring up along the top of it—the first chance of a bare spot in the wood. Old burned stumps, gathering soil in their hollow interiors, are nurseries for colonies of young trees, some strong individual finally shouldering out the others, growing larger, and, as the mother stump drops away, sending its roots downward into the earth through the disintegrating textures until it in time becomes a great tree.

Women's Strength in Tears.

The weakest woman in all the world is armed with one weapon against which man's pride and strength are powerless. Her tears will win when everything else has failed. A woman's tears move her own tender sex as well as the sterner masculine brutes. Old and young yield to their potential spell, and when the woman happens to be pretty there is no telling what will follow when her bright eyes grow misty with these messengers from a wounded heart. It is folly to attempt to stand out against a woman's tears. They have caused revolutions. They have made and unmade many a great cause. They can be met in only one way—unconditional surrender.—Exchange.

Placing Him Right.

As a northern express drew up at a station in the early morning for a few minutes' wait, a pleasant looking gentleman stepped out on the platform, and, inhaling the fresh air, enthusiastically observed to the guard:

"Isn't this invigorating?"

"No, sir; it is Normanton," said the conscientious employee.

The pleasant looking gentleman retired.—London Telegraph.

Absence.

"We are here today," said the solemn looking man with a thin neck and a collar three sizes too large for him, "and gone tomorrow."

"That's right," agreed the dyspeptic looking man with the ivory black cigar, "and when we get back six months later some of our best friends want to know where we've been for the last two weeks."—Puck.

A Stamp Wasted.

Pettishly she stamped her foot. They were standing on the corner. He had offended her in some way. Again she stamped her foot.

"Well," he said slowly, "here is a letter box, but you must know you can't drop your foot in it. You are simply wasting postage."—Judge.

Revenge is a kind of wild justice which the more man's nature runs to the more ought law to weed it out.—Bacon.

A Cure For Dyspepsia.

I had dyspepsia in its worst form and felt miserable most all the time. Did not enjoy eating until after I used Kodol Dyspepsia Cure which has completely cured me.—Mrs. W. W. Saylor Hilliard, Pa. No appetite, loss of strength, nervousness, headache, constipation, bad breath, sour risings, indigestion, dyspepsia and all stomach troubles are quickly cured by the use of Kodol. Kodol represents the natural juices of digestion combined with the greatest known tonic and reconstructive properties. It cleanses, purifies and sweetens the stomach. Sold by The R. B. Loryea Drug Store.



Arm Yourself With Facts

About spending money economically. No better place to have them demonstrated that at

THE MINOR STORE,

Where the purchasing power of YOUR DOLLAR is always vastly increased, and in many instances doubled. We mention a few of the many items that you can find here, there's some—many more.

Dress Goods and Trimmings, Laces and Embroideries, Hosiery and Underwear, Shoes for Men, Women and Children. Hats for Men and Women, Corsets and Gloves, Notions and Toilet Articles. Stationery and Purses. Linens and Drapers, Rugs and Mattings, Men's and Boys' Furnishing Goods, Ready Made Shirts, Jackets and Shirt Waists.

All of these are priced in keeping with our way of doing business. Not marked as high as they would sell but for as little as we can sell them for and live. When you are in Sumter, we'll make it interesting for you. Phone or write for samples.

MINOR STORE,

SUMTER, S. C.